

Young in The Green Zone

-What're we suppose to do again?

-I don't know. Something to do with lots of money.

-Keep those vodka-tonics coming, Hasan!

-I'd like to fuck him if I weren't a young Republican.

-You get this alleged job 'cuz of your father?

-Yeah, he's a neocon with a flaming brick up his ass.

-My father too. A pervert and renowned preacher. Hasn't screwed the mother in years. Depends on jerking off to Penthouse pictures. Gets sermon thoughts that way—pubic hair on the route to glory.

-Never mind all the greasy human frailty. He loves God and The President! Besides, I'm not disgust-proof!

-Well the Party is. Anyway, we're 'sposed to read all these reports! Christ!

-Throw 'em in the fuckin pool.

-Sure. That'll solve...

-No, I'm not kidding. Here!

-Christ! Down like rocks. And our Hasan laughing.

-I intend to, quite soon, boost the white man's burden up his hairy...! Well, it's a duty, actually. I mustn't be irreverent. I apologize. Adored British ritual: Bugger the wog as he sinks to the prayer rug.

-I prefer All American Wall Jobs. What's Iraqi-speak for Take down your pants?

-Everything's a Wall Job. Look at this place! It's one humungous Wall Job. The War's another.

-That's disloyal!—if I gave a shit. Ah but I do love summer camp!

Even so, why don't we sneak out from THESE walls and find some women?

-Uh uh. This is a fuck-the-boys country. It was chosen for that.

-Is this...reality? I only just got my degree.

-There is no reality.